

**SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Grand Chorus**



**TOOTS AND CASPER—Casper Isn't Taking Any Chances.**



**THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB—It's Very Evident the Sisters are Not Twins.**



**"CAP" STUBBS—Cap's Through Providing for the Family.**



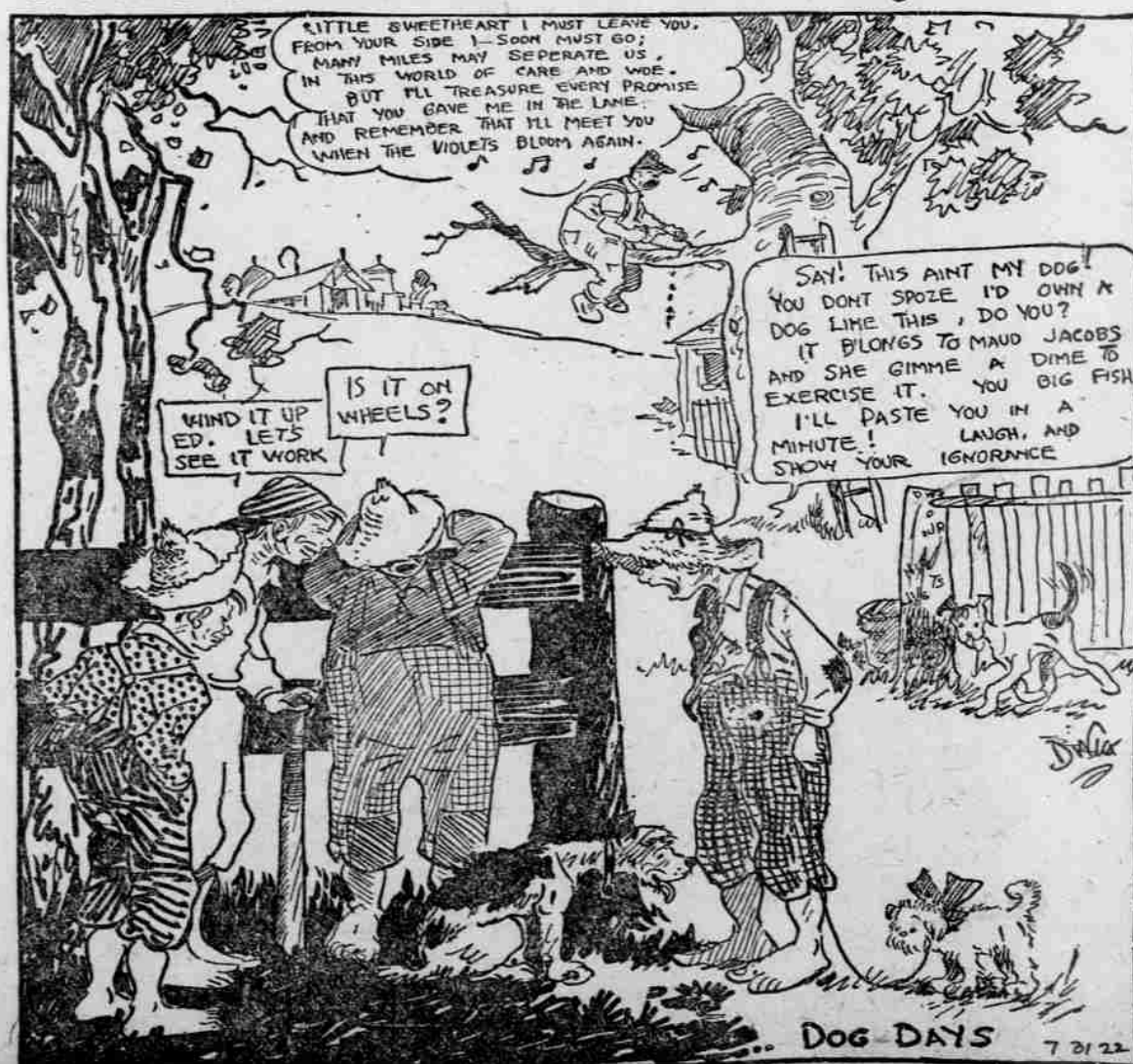
**Jim's Two Weeks Begin.**

By DONAHEY



**SCHOOL DAYS**

By DWIG



**When A Girl Marries**

By ANNE LISLE.

Much as I needed the extra time which Rosa's defection gave me for my own work, I went to Jim's office instead of telephoning Mabel that the conference was off.

Mabel is one of the few persons to whom I can speak frankly of Dad Lee. With her I don't have to pose about my attitude toward him. So I told her of Rosa's encounter with Dad Lee and of the discussion of the matter I'd had with Rosa.

"The little cat!" ejaculated my Goddess of Liberty girl vehemently. The failure of her usual poise and dignity astonished me. But after a moment it dawned on me that her single phrase suggested a great deal. I looked Mabel squarely in the eye and her eyes fell from my probing glance.

"She is a little cat," I replied. "I guess that sums up the situation. And now I'm going to trot along and work on some advertising copy for an account I hope to make a splendid thing of."

"More power to you," replied Mabel, getting up with a suggestion of awkwardness and seizing my hand in a grip which conveyed her wish to stand by. "I hope you make a big thing of your business. I hope you don't run about of Dick there. If I knew where to find him I'd try to him—to keep him from touching you. I'd like to do something."

"You've done everything. No one could have accomplished more," I replied, sensing how deeply Mabel sympathized with my unspoken fear.

I wished she could find the courage to speak out. I'd not be so afraid of Rosa's probable intent to be the one to tell Jim of Dad Lee if only Mabel weren't evidently struck dumb by the same fear. But I took my cue from her and mentioned no name but Dick's. "But I couldn't have you facing a madman like Dick West for me, Mabel. Not you of all people."

"I'm the only person you know who has nothing to fear—who has nothing to fear—from Dick West," Mabel corrected hastily.

"Never!" I said. "I'm afraid to have you see a man who once set fire to an apartment, and before that even made an attempt on a life." I replied tersely.

"Does Rosa Cordova know where Mr. Lee is to be found?" asked Mabel.

"I'm sure she doesn't," I replied. "I took it for granted that he'd be with his friend, Mr. Rogers, again at his hotel. I suppose it would be wise to find out—to invite him back into my life."

"If he'll come," said Mabel tersely. Her words crystallized a determination I've been trying to avoid. Here tofore Dad Lee has sought me. He came into my life uninvited, and he has thrust himself into my affairs over and over when some brief separation had given me freedom from the poisonous prodigal father I can't pretend to hate.

Now I must keep him in my life. I must cloak him out and hold fast to him. No matter how my enemies may interpret this, loyalty to Jim requires that I get in touch with Dick West by whatever means I can manage to discover.

I can't delay. I must find Dad Lee.

**CHAPTER 635**

Instead of carrying out my original plan to devote the rest of the morning to my own work, after informing Mabel that Rosa Cordova wasn't coming to Jim's office, I felt compelled to start at once on a search for Dad Lee. I telephoned Tony and asked if I might have the car and Lyons. Tony agreed at once, assuring me that the car was always mine when I wanted it.

As soon as Lyons arrived we drove first to the hotel where Dad Lee always stays. I sent Lyons in to reconnoitre. The moment he emerged from the main door, I realized that this clue had lead nowhere.

"Nary a word that helps us, did I get there," he said, climbing into the driver's seat without further explanation. I knew this meant he felt we were being watched, so I made no effort to talk to him until he turned into the quiet park path where we had talked before. Then Lyons told me what he had learned in the hotel.

"It goes up the desk and asks for Mr. Lucius L. Lee," he said. "And they say he ain't with them. Then I asks if he left a forwarding address. They sidestepped that, too. So, seeing they're acting under instructions I ask for Mr. Rogers. And I get took into his private office. He don't remember me. So I ask for the address again. And Rogers says he can't keep track of all his guests. They say I'm a friend of Slim Darforn and that I knew the boys up North and want to reach 'Lucky'. For a minute I think he's going to fall for it. Then the telephone rings. And when Rogers turns around again I know he's been tipped off."

"What did you do, Lyons?" I asked, alarmed by a certain doggedness in his face.

"I acts as if I don't see any change of temperature registered on Rogers' face and adds, as if I am finishing my sentence, that I'm looking for Mr. Lee on my own account, and also for the old gentleman's daughter, who's sort of anxious about her dad, as him and her didn't part on the best of terms. And then Rogers sneers and says that if Lee's daughter now or ever again he'd say so without her sending her detectives to spy him out."

"Which means that — Mr. Lee doesn't want to see me," I said half to myself.

"Precisely how I make it, madam, if I make bold to say so. And also it seems to me the more he don't want to see him the more you do want to see him. You don't want to start detectives a-trailing him. But we might try at the hotel where Dick used to be. And also there's a few other hangouts of Dick's that I'm wise to."

"I've until 3 o'clock to give to this Lyons," I relied almost grimly. And the harder it is to find Mr. Lee the more it looks to me as if I just about HAVE to do it. Let's drive to every place you think holds out any hope of a clue. And I'll keep my eyes wide open as we travel through the streets."

"Sure, ma'am," agreed Lyons, admiringly. "You'd think of that! With a bird like — Dick West—all we know is that he's likely to roost in very unlikely places."

(To Be Continued)

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